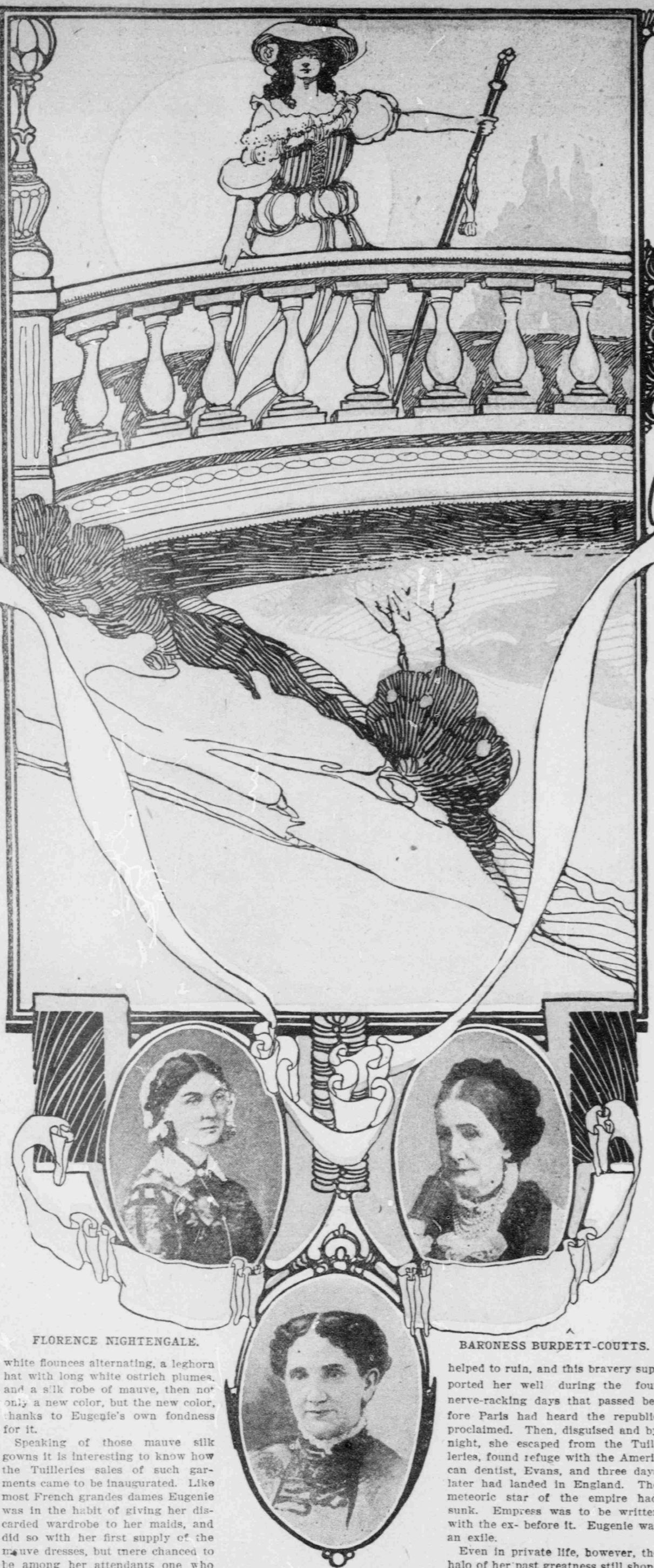


# HALF FORGOTTEN EUGENIE ONCE EUROPE'S MOST BRILLIANT QUEEN IS EIGHTY YEARS OLD TODAY



EUGENIE, AT THE TIME OF POWER, BEAUTY, AND GLORY.

## DEATH OF THE PRINCE IMPERIAL

Walleth a woman, "O my God!"  
A breaking heart in a broken breath,  
A hopeless cry o'er her heart-hope's death!  
Can words catch the chords of the winds that wail,  
When love's last lily lies dead in the vale!

Let her alone,  
Under the rod  
With the infinite moan  
Of her soul for God,  
Ah! song! you may echo the sound of pain,  
But you never may shrine,  
In verse or line,  
The pang of the heart that breaks in twain.

Walleth a woman, "O my God!"  
Wind-driven waves with no hearts that ache,  
Why do your passionate pulses throb?  
No lips that speak—have ye souls that sob?  
We carry the cross—ye wear the crest,  
We have our God—and ye, your shore,  
Whither ye rush in the storm to rest;  
We have the havens of holy prayer—  
And we have a hope—have ye despair?  
For storm-rocked waves ye break evermore,  
Adown the shores and along the years,  
In the whitest foam of the saddest tears,  
And we, as ye, O waves, gray waves!  
Drift over a sea more deep and wide,  
For we have sorrow and we have death,  
And ye have only the tempest's breath;  
But we have God when heart-oppressed,  
As a calm and beautiful short of rest.

O waves! sad waves! how you flowed between  
The crownless Prince and the exiled Queen!

Walleth a woman, "O my God!"  
Her hopes are withered, her heart is crushed,  
For the love of her love is cold and dead,  
The joy of her joy hath forever fled;  
A starless and pitiless night hath rushed  
On the light of her life—and far away  
In an Afric wild lies her poor dead child,  
Lies the heart of her heart—let her alone  
Under the rod  
With her infinite moan,  
O my God!  
He was beautiful, pure, and brave,  
The brightest grace  
Of a royal race;  
Only his throne is but a grave!  
Is there fate in fame?  
Is there doom in names?  
Ah! what did the cruel Zulu spears  
Care for the prince or his mother's tears?  
What did the Zulu's ruthless lance  
Care for the hope of the future France?

Crieth the Empress, "O my son!"  
He was her own and her only one,  
She had nothing to give him but her love,  
'Twas kingdom enough on earth—above  
She gave him an infinite faith in God;  
Let her cry her cry  
Over her own and only one,  
All the glory is gone—is gone,  
Into her broken-hearted sigh,  
Moaneth a mother, "O my child!"  
And who can sound that depth of woe?  
Homeless, throneless, crownless—now  
She bows her sorrow-wreathed brow—  
(So fame and all its grandeurs go)  
Let her alone  
Beneath the rod  
With her infinite moan,  
"O my God!"

—ABRAM J. RYAN (Father Ryan).

**A**MONG the immemorial elms of an unpretentious estate on the English countryside is being closed today the last chapter in a story of love, riches, honor, and power, though exile and bitter grief have blurred the latter pages of the record whose opening was so auspicious. Surrounded by her beloved dogs and a few faithful companions of her days of splendor, she who was once the Empress of the French—the most beautiful woman in all Europe, most courted, and most feted—is now, half forgotten, entering the Valley of the Shadow.

Marie Eugenie de Guzman y Portocarrero, Countess of Teba, Marchioness of Moya, and widow of the Third Napoleon, completed yesterday her eightieth year.

The present-day world hears but little of her—once the source and center of its most brilliant court! Still active, in very spite of her four-score years, she is now briefly reported as off for another cruise on her yacht, *The Thistle*; now a passing paragraph in a London daily chronicles an expedition of the somewhat whimsical-looking old lady among the shops of dingy Oxford street, to buy a shawl for her self and sweetmeats for her young friends; or, again, the social column speaks of a visit made by the Princess Beatrice and her daughter, Princess Ena (Queen-to-be of Eugenie's own Spain), down to the Villa Cynos at Cap Martin, where rules in quietest simplicity the woman who, forty years ago, reigned in the splendid Tuilleries.

### Memorable Memories

It is a unique place which the ex-Empress holds in the hearts of such as still find time to look back upon the romance and tragedy of her life. Men think less now of the unwise meddling with dangerous politics which put so sudden a period to her days of grandeur than of the bravery which she since has shown in the face of heaviest sorrows; less of the indiscretions and worldly frivolities which marked her early career than of the quiet blamelessness in which it now is closing.

Few other lives have held such extremes. Born in Grenada, of a Scotch adventurer and a harum-scarum daughter of a Spanish grandee; educated scantily in various convents, and rather too carefully in the ways and wiles of that gay world which held the carpet at Madrid when "Isabella the Bad" was queen; raised suddenly to the acme of success in a dazzling court, and as suddenly cast out, after seventeen years of glory; robbed by death, first of her husband and then of a son in whom her very life and soul were wrapped—certainly there is here much matter of deepest interest to put into those memories which she now is writing.

As, page by page, these reminiscences are completed, they are locked away; the volume is not to be published until the venerable writer has been dead twenty-five years. Nor is it without interest to add that the writing is done with the diamond-set penholder, with which the representatives of the powers signed the treaty of Paris, on the last day of March, 1856, when the war in the Crimea was officially brought to an end. In those days

Eugenie was Empress; powerful and very, very beautiful. The strange beauty of the "Eu-

### The Triumph of Beauty

genie eyes" conquered Europe in a day, as it were—eyes violet blue, with lids drooping so low as to give an arched look to the pupils, with their changing, ever-playing lights. The mother, Countess de Montijo, had been driven from Spain because of certain affairs de coeur, but the watering places of the Continent soon echoed with the praises of the perfect beauty of the daughter. The Dukes of Sesto and Ossuna, Senor Rosas, Prince Jerome, and Louis Napoleon, then President of the French republic, all sought the favor of the reigning toast, and when the last named became Napoleon III, Emperor of the French, this Mademoiselle de Montijo was called to share with him his new-found throne.

So began seventeen years of pomp and splendor. "The most beautiful woman in Europe" had become an empress, and who shall say how much that beauty had to do with the instant victory which greeted her as she came among those who were to be "her people." "The head of a queen on the shoulders of a goddess," said the cheering crowds, as the state carriage rolled through the boulevards from the solemn celebration at Notre Dame. She wore no jewels, but those wondrous eyes had won the populace. Bourgeois and proletariat vied with each other in their "Vive l'Imperatrice!" It had been a marriage of love such as your true Frenchman invariably indorses, and their idol was set up.

### A Reign of Glitter

Later, Eugenie was quite as suddenly to become the object of execration of this same people. "Vive l'Imperatrice" was to yield to "A mort l'Espanole!"—"The Spaniard," who had never had the tact to learn to speak and write correctly the tongue of the people over whom she had been called to rule.

Long before that dark day, however, were to come years filled to the full with éclat, pomp, and festivities, in a court of beautiful women and talented men. Eugenie had been taken up by Victoria, and from parvenu had become as legitimately royal as if sprung from the stock of Bourbon or Guelph. The court balls at the Tuilleries became world famous—and it was at one of these that the Junoesque Countess de Castiglione, appearing as a Roman lady of the decadence, provoked the displeasure of the empress. Her flimsy draperies, divided at her thigh and held there by a jeweled heart of rubies, created an immense sensation, till the empress, gazing abstractedly at that splendid ornament, remarked:

"Madame wears her heart very low."

And she swept from the room with the offended dignity of a Cleopatra.

### Mistress versus Maid

Partial to such poets as Edmond About, Octave Feuillet, Prosper Merimee, Scribe, and the Russian Prince Lubomirsky, Eugenie was also fond of the drama, and herself rather more than merely a clever actress. One of her favorite parts was that of "leading lady" in Feuillet's pretty little comedy of "The Portraits of the Marquise," in which she figured invariably with her beautiful hair arranged as one sees it today in the Winterhalter portrait, a lace shawl of black and

white flounces alternating, a leghorn hat with long white ostrich plumes, and a silk robe of mauve, then not only a new color, but the new color, thanks to Eugenie's own fondness for it.

Speaking of those mauve silk gowns it is interesting to know how the Tuilleries sales of such garments came to be inaugurated. Like most French grandes dames Eugenie was in the habit of giving her discarded wardrobe to her maids, and did so with her first supply of the mauve dresses, but there chanced to be among her attendants one who bore, in height and carriage and figure, some resemblance to her imperial mistress. This maiden, wearing one of the mauve gowns, was one day passing through the Empress' antechamber, when a young poet, awaiting an audience, mistook her for her majesty herself. His enthusiasm equaling his nearsightedness, he flung himself at her feet and was pouring out his petition when Eugenie entered.

The Tudor Elizabeth would have had a man beheaded who could mistake a servant for her sovereign. Eugenie merely dismissed both maid and poet—and thereafter nothing which had touched the imperial person was ever worn by any other in the Tuilleries. All were disposed of at public sale, and the proceeds devoted to charity.

As sovereign of a court of beauty and love, herself contented with being the leader of fashion and a patroness of art and letters, Eugenie was throughout Europe loved upon with genuine favor. But when she thought to become more than just

### MARY BAKER EDDY.

the frivolous, pleasure-loving, highly ornamental consort of an Emperor, and reached out her pretty hands toward the tangled meshes of politics and diplomacy, she took the first steps toward her downfall. "If he will not declare war," it is our duty to make him do so," she is reported to have said to those ministers whom she had gathered around her in the momentous summer days of 1870. All the world knows that the conflict with Germany followed—and was lost. On the third of the following September a member of the imperial cabinet handed his Empress that famous dispatch, "The army is defeated and taken; I am a prisoner." Sedan had come to put a definite end to those seventeen years of glory and splendor.

### Exile and Tragedy

Eugenie had already shown her bravery during the dreadful cholera epidemic in the land she had now

### BARONESS BURDETT-COUTTS.

helped to ruin, and this bravery supported her well during the four nerve-racking days that passed before Paris had heard the republic proclaimed. Then, disguised and by night, she escaped from the Tuilleries, found refuge with the American dentist, Evans, and three days later had landed in England. The meteoric star of the empire had sunk. Empress was to be written with the ex- before it. Eugenie was an exile.

Even in private life, however, the halo of her past greatness still shone over her. Victoria still remained her close friend, spending hours with her, not only at Balmoral and Buckingham, but visiting her also at her quiet home at Chislehurst. Then came the death of Napoleon (February, 1873)—and then once more the ambitions of Eugenie took on shape and life. She began to plot for the restoration of the empire, at the head of which was to stand her son, the prince imperial, impulsive, brave, handsome, and of the great promise.

### Here Princess Ena Figures

Death again intervened. Seventy-nine brought the war in Zululand, and the youth on whose destiny hung so much went to the front. A few weeks more and a reconnoitering party, of which he was a member, was surprised and exterminated. Two days later his body was found, stripped and mutilated, while certain prisoners, of the child of the woman who was

ward the close of the brief but bloody struggle, told with admiration how he had fallen only after a splendid fight, single-handed, against overpowering odds.

It was the Prince Imperial who had been so truly in love with England's Princess Beatrice, now the mother of that Ena who is within the month to go to Madrid as bride of the Thirteenth Alfonso, and so it is that Eugenie has settled an annuity of \$20,000 upon the Spanish Queen-to-be. Had the Prince Imperial returned safe and glorious to Chislehurst, he was to have wedded the Beatrice, and then, had his mother's schemes worked out—yet figuring on the might-have-beens even in a continent's history is scarcely a profitable thing.

Beatrice's daughter is Eugenie's namesake, and her favorite; almost certainly, too, her prospective heiress. And in the Madrid palace of the child of the woman who was

Eugenie will be installed almost as Queen Mother of proud Castile.

That she should live so to re-enter the corridors of courts, she herself confidently expects. Much as she had felt the fall of the empire which she had come to regard as her very own, much as she had grieved over the death of her husband, these sorrows had been as nothing to that which assailed her in the passing of the son she had loved so deeply and unselfishly. When the news of his death was broken to her, she lost consciousness, and the first words she uttered when brought to were these:

"Fate is very cruel. Now I shall live to be a hundred years old." This is the belief she holds on this her eightieth birthday. Patience has long since come to help her bear the burdens of disappointments and griefs, but she is firmly convinced that her full release from it all is still a score of years away.

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